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Kingsley, Roland.

Rhymes of brevity for times
of levity.

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RHYMES
OF
BREVITY

FOR

TIMES
OF
LEVITY

ROLAND KINGSLEY

PS
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I65R5

Briefly;

Born at Cornwall, Ontario, August 25th, 1882, fourth generation Canadian-born; resident in Montreal district since 1904.

Entire lifetime in manufacturing, as a boy in cotton mills and later in linoleum and oilcloth, in various capacities,— production, marketing, executive and finance. Still depend upon business (and not writing verses) for a living.

Know better than anyone else that am *not* a poet but perhaps a rhymster, with merely a desire to lighten up somewhat the seriousness of life. Putting it another way, consider everyone a child — either younger or older — and fit the rhymes to the occasion.

R. E. Kingsley.

98 Columbia Ave.,
Westmount, Montreal.

Introduction:

I do not think I can do better than to repeat here a little verse which I wrote for my niece, when she was about eight years of age.

TO BERNICE

Find a quiet nook,
Where this little book
May be opened and read,
at your leisure;

With a wish it is sent
That the time which is spent
In reading it,
may be a pleasure;

And if such is the case,
I suppose your dear face
Will be pleasantly furrowed
with wrinkles;

Not the kind that age brings,
But the quaint little things
Surrounding your eye
when it twinkles.

Jan. '37

—Uncle Roland.

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SHINE

While walking down a city street,
I saw a tiny shop,
With windows dressed engagingly,
Inviting me to stop.

'Twas in the early autumn
And apples, row on row,
Were peeping here and peeping there,
All, in a ruddy glow;

There tucked away, discreetly,
Within a forward pile,
I saw a little ticket
And couldn't help but smile.

The apples were not monstrous,
But the dealer was alive,
Because the ticket said the price
Was five for twenty-five.

It happened that the previous day
I'd seen such apples, plenty,
The price, not many miles away,
Five cents for five and twenty.

Being in a rather mirthful mood,
I hinted to the dealer,
That if the people knew his cost,
They might think him a stealer;

He only grinned and said, "my friend,
You say my goods look fine,
Well, it's one cent for the apple
And four cents for the shine".

SOLID CITIZENS

A solid citizen was he,
So solid in fact, when he put to sea
And walked across the bally ship,
The blinking boat began to tip
Down on the side he happened to be.

A solid citizen was he,
The solid kind, so it seems to me
That if you opened his head up,—wide,
Be sure you'd find nothing else inside
Than a skullful of solid i-v-o-r-y.

A solid citizen was he,
In a way that high-grade steel might be,
For, to a problem of human kind
He applied a keen and brilliant mind,
But his heart was hard as steel, don't you see.

A solid citizen was he,
Grounded to earth, like an age-old tree,
With habits so fixed and anchored fast,
He fought shy of progress and lived in the past,
Till his journey commenced in eternity.

A solid citizen was he,
Like a block of ice in frigidity,
Until the sun of kindly deeds
Was kindled within by his neighbors' needs
And melted away his solidity.

A solid citizen was he,
Congealed by the brunt of adversity
Into a mass of dense-packed ills,
Missing life's happier things and thrills,
Until he discovered humanity.

TAG DAY IN WESTMOUNT

The children gaily play adown the glen
The old-time game of tag, as we did when
Our feet were just as nimble as our wit,
And we, too, cried "now, tag, you're it".

It's many, many a year since I thus played,
And many, many a time have I been flayed,
Sometimes for things deserved, and sometimes
not,
From which you'll judge I've had a common lot.

I went into a butcher shop one recent day,
Expecting to be served some decent way,
But when the butcher said the price of steak
Was sixty cents, I thought my heart would
break.

He must have clearly read my look of shock,
And paused, with lifted cleaver o'er the block,
To say, as if the case to justly fit,
"Of course, good lady, we trim it".

As on my homeward way I sadly went
And ruminated as to what he meant;
I thought of "trim" in parlance of the day,
My mind went back to kiddies at their play;

The butcher surely used words apt and fit,
For, I'd been badly *trimmed* and I was *it*.

GLIB

In the bygone ages,
When Adam lost a rib,
And from it came a woman
Whose tongue was rather glib
Descended modern maidens,
Who, when they give offence,
Say, simply, one word "sorry"
And quickly hustle thence.

I oft am led to wonder,
When maidens are so curt,
If, by their glib-tongued "sorrys"
They but increase the hurt.

COMMON SENSE

Nature dowers every man
 with common sense a plenty,
But wisdom seems to only come
 to nine folk out of twenty;
For, average people,
 though they would not rarer things
 refuse,
They think the gift of common sense
 too commonplace to use.

FLANNEL MOUTH

Blather and Blither, the flannel-mouth twins
Known through the mid-west for asinine grins,
Kicked in the stomach, the rump or the shins,
It seems not to faze them, so long as their chins
Are left free to function along with the tongue
Which neighbors believe from the middle is hung.

MISSOURI

A young country girl from Missouri
In a restaurant, ordered pot pouri;
For, she said that a dunce
Would try anything once,
But the chef will be tried by a jury.

ARKANSAS

There was an old maid in Arkansas
Who never passed up any chances;
But the chances she saw
Throughout Arkansas
Turned out to be only romances.

SNORES

I think that the person who snores
Is certainly one of life's bores,
Like the long-winded speaker,
The publicity seeker,
Or apples with nothing but cores.

Why cannot a person who snores
Be banished to far-distant shores,
Where the missionary preaches
To natives on beaches
Who never buy clothes in the stores.

PROVINCIAL LIMERICKS

Prince Edward Island

A Scot came to Prince Edward Island
Asking not were it lowland or highland,
For he tippled, you see,
And concerned much was he
Whether it were a wet or a dry land.

Nova Scotia

A fisherman in Nova Scotia
To his two sons said: "I'll lick the both ya,
If you snarl up my line,
And you won't feel so fine,
When with cod liver oil I will dose ya".

New Brunswick

A lumberman down in New Brunswick
While felling trees never was once sick,
He likes chopping and grunting,
But never goes hunting,
For he always takes ill when the guns kick.

Quebec

A native of ancient Quebec
On an ocean ship went up on deck
Till there came up a blow,
Then he hurried below,
For his dinner all came up his neck.

Ontario

A youth on a farm in Ontario
Considered himself a Lothario,
For, when he pitched hay,
He felt very gay,
And all the girl neighbors were wary, oh!

Manitoba

A negro in North Manitoba
Said: "I finds it most hard to keep sober,
For I works with a Finn
Who drinks lots of gin
To keep himself warm in October".

Saskatchewan

A naughty boy in Saskatchewan
Through a fence tried to snatch a swan,
The fence was barbed wire,
So you need not inquire
Why, to his pants, the patch is on.

Alberta

An Eye-tal-ian in Alberta,
Said, "I wear a da blacka da shirta,
For please Mussolin,
And for hida da skin,
Whenevers it getta too dirta".

British Columbia

Though a generous chew of spruce gum be a
Thing on which maidens argue and some see a
Certain breach of good taste,
It has not a bad taste
To lumberjacks in British Columbia.

YUKON

A whaler way up in the Yukon
Caught a whale with nary a fluke on,
Since 'twas minus a tail,
It was offered for sale
For a small silver coin with a Duke on.

MODERN APARTMENTS

Yes, you may omit the sunlight
If you give us marble halls;
If you keep the front door knobs bright,
We're content with inside walls.

If you give us central heating,
And provide an iceless frig'
Just omit a room for eating,
But we must have one for bridge.

If the bathroom floor is tiled
And you give us hardwood floors,
We'll become quite reconciled
To deep breathing out-of-doors.

Though our beds are disappearing
And our money does the same,
We will constantly be fearing
If the neighbors know our game;

Which is, first of all, appearance
And to keep ahead of Jones,
Sure, we'll brook no interference
Till the vultures get our bones.

WHAT IS DIRT?

Johnny in his tender years
Never washed behind his ears,
When his mother found it out
She gave Johnny dear a clout,
Saying, "son you're a disgrace;
Go and wash your dirty face;
Remember too, amidst your tears,
Your neck extends behind your ears."

Johnny said, "mom, what is dirt",
Then, said mother, quite alert,
"Son, the teachers in my school,
Taught us well, a silver rule,
Known to all the human race;
Dirt is matter out of place".

Many, many years have flown,
John has children of his own;
Mamma's also changed a lot
And in her face some wrinkles got;
But instead of growing old,
Mom decides on growing bold,
So she bought a set of tools
Never known at girlhood schools,
Lip-stick, rouge and powder puff,
Liquid cream and candle snuff;
Then proceeded, all apace
Decorating her old face;

Just then Johnny boy came in
And his face set in a grin;
Yelling, "such a dirty face,
Dirt is matter out of place".

IT'S NEVER BEEN DONE BEFORE

When King Canute stood by the sea,
Commanding it be quiet,
He staged a comic spectacle
That almost caused a riot;
For all the people shouted
Till their chests and throats were sore,
"Oh, King, you cannot do it
For it's never been done before";

And ever since in England,
When a pioneer was bold
And made a quaint suggestion,
He was squelched and firmly told,
No matter what he tried to do,
Not done in days of yore,
"My man, you must not do it
For it's never been done before".

You ask an English gentleman
To wear a new style hat,
Or, with a monocle and cane,
To go without a spat;
And if you tried to force him,
He would rather bathe in gore
Before he would adopt it,
If it's never been done before.

And, likewise, try your best to get
Some English shop or mill
To change some simple pattern,
Or to make a different pill
Than those their dear old daddies
Made a hundred years or more;
They simply will not do it,
If it's never been done before.

But, fortunately, for the race,
There still are King Canutes
Who gaze upon the water
In a different way than brutes,
And, like Kay Don, whose motor-boat
Brought Britain to the fore;
They somehow chance to do it
Though it's never been done before.

Another brave exception
Was the pioneer who made
A motor car in Britain
Which put others in the shade;
Could Campbell reach excessive speed
By listening to the bore,
Whose constant yapping always is
"It's never been done before ?

The Britisher who made a plane
To fly five miles a minute,
For passengers some day should take
A few old fogeys in it,
Who prattle much of precedent,
And as they heavenwards soar,
Might dump them out, and show a stunt
That's never been done before.

NOT TOUCHED BY HUMAN HANDS

We live in an age of hygiene,
Intensive, extensive and apt;
We get our milk in bottles
And won't buy bread unwrapt;

We have a well-known slogan
"Not touched by human hands"
And news of our obsession
Has spread to other lands.

We're told on all occasions
It pays to advertise,
And packers of figs and raisins
Have now become so wise,

We see their cases labelled
"Not touched by human hands"
The wit for which we're fabled
Has spread to other lands;

But they go us still one better,
They're truthful and discreet,
They do NOT use the label
"Not touched by human feet".

A NEW WRINKLE

Uncle Billy Bunson had a wrinkle in his pants,
And, as good golfers ought to know, it sadly
spoiled his stance;
For when he tried to swat the ball, his eye roamed
round, you see,
And rested on the wrinkle, instead of on the tee.
Then after he'd been playing for about four hours
or more,
And only reached the seventh hole with eighty as
a score,
A sense of something lacking seemed to percolate
his brain,
And we heard what we considered was a fervent
prayer for rain;
Because the words were Biblical, though on his
face was set
A look of grim defiance, plus a dozen scowls of
fret;
Then Mac, his pal and partner, had a brain wave,
so it seemed,
And with Bill's heavy playing iron, the tragedy
redeemed,
By pointing out to Billy, in his most consoling
diction,
That Bill had played so many strokes, the iron
was hot from friction;
So Billy rested for a while and Mac the good old
scout,
He quickly grabbed the smoking iron and ironed
the wrinkle out.
Now, all true tales, like this one is, should have
a happy ending,
And this would be a happy one, if golfers did no
bending,
Being bound to truth, we must relate that since
the iron was heated
To such a very high degree, the trousers were
unseated.

OTTO B. BETTER LINOLEUM CO.
Manufacturers

Toronto, Dec. 30/36

Mr. Wm. Smith,
Home Furnishings,
Anytown, Sask.

My dear Mr. Smith:

We are now favoured with
Your letter and sample of Lino,
And note your complaint
As to thickness of paint,
Which you liken to hide of a rhino.

In reply, we may say,
We have spent the whole day
In tracing the trouble and trying
To avoid a recurrence
And you've our assurance
The defect occurred in the drying.

We have warned all our men
If this happens again,
We shall need to use much harsher
measures,
But we're hoping they'll heed
And you'll no further need
On this score to have more displeasures.

May we hope you're not troubled unduly,
And accept the regrets of

Yours truly,
Otto B. Better Linoleum Co.,
Will B. Rhymster,
Service Dept.

BILL'S POOR WIDOW (or POOH POOH)

Bill Jones broke some bones,
The doctor spoke in softened tones
To Mrs. Jones,
For, he had found Bill's lungs unsound,
Thus Bill lost ground, while Ma Jones frowned,
And sat around.

Her thoughts were few, but bitter,
For, while she was no quitter,
To see Bill's life so fritter,

Reminded her of former times,
When she saved pennies, nickels, dimes,
As a loving and dutiful wife;
In the hope that Bill would
Do the one thing he should,
Which was spend it insuring his life;

But, as many men do,
Bill would only pooh, pooh,
And point to his splendid physique.
We were bound to admit
He was physically fit,
And in fact his good health was unique.

Now, the story's soon told;
Bill had somehow grown old,
So when this tough accident took him;
From the day he fell ill,
He slid right down the hill,
And all of his pooh, pooh forsook him.

.

He bore his illness with endurance,
But he died without insurance.

THE PEANUT

The peanut has its usefulness,
And also limitations,
And, since I'm bound to truthfulness,
I must say, British nations
Are rather disinclined to view
The peanut with much favour;
They somehow find it not quite true
To other nuts in flavour.

It's not a nut we term full sweet,
But it is very oily,
And sometimes when we try to eat,
It turns our stomachs roily;
Now, that's because it's not half baked,
But were it thoroughly roasted,
And o'er the embers quickly raked,
It might improve when toasted.

We do not like its crooked shell,
With contours vague and twisted,
Nor do we like its acrid smell,
When it has long existed
In company just like its own,
Touched only by its fellows,
For, it is very widely known,
The peanut never mellows.

I knew there must some reason be
For peanuts' isolation,
And after searching well, I see,
With consequent elation,
That nuts in which we take delight
Are grown on shrubs and trees,
The lowly peanut, with its blight,
It is not one of these.

At last, the reason I have found,
It thrives much better underground.

So, I have learned these many years,
With peanuts to be careful,
And having thus my doubts and fears,
With sympathy most prayerful,
I roast them well, within the shell,
Then strip them of exterior,
I take no chance of being unwell,
When they're in my interior.

I also never take them neat,
But always well diluted
With nuts of other kinds, then eat,
And thus I'm not polluted.

ALPHABET SOUP (TITLES)

When titles are scattered amongst the elect,
They land in strange places—not where you
expect;
Sometimes quite befitting, and other times not,
For recipients oftentimes are but a poor lot.

Not measure of service, nor measure of brains;
For some come not out of the wet when it rains;
But leg, and wire-pulling are quite in their forte,
How proudly they act, when they titles disport.

I think it quite proper to rise and suggest
That new and strange letters be used as a crest,
For cases like some of those recently named,
Whose paucity leads them to strut unashamed.

A letter like N could say NO with a slam,
And a well-rounded D could be darn or be d * * *
And G would be Good, so to some such as these,
I'd give them the title of plain N. D. G's.

O, CANADA

O, Canada, what heritage is thine,
What unknown wealth of forest, field and mine,
Thy streams and lakes and rivers bold,
Thy healthful prairie plains,
Thy winter snows bring wealth untold,
As do thy summer rains;
O, Canada, nature has blest,
May thou be true to every coming guest.

O, Canada, thou hast been blest indeed
With boys and girls of every race and creed;
Thyself just past the childhood stage,
As nationhood is known,
Thy children in their tender age
Guard well until full grown;
O, Canada, these children hold
High in esteem beyond your gems or gold.

O, Canada, thou hast most bounteous gifts,
Thy sky is free of nature's storms and rifts,
Thy latitude is friendly air,
Thou'rt lapped on all thy coasts
By healthful breeze, surpassing fair,
Of thee the Empire boasts;
O, Canada, these gifts so rare,
May thou dispense so every soul may share.

BUFFETTED

Upon a lofty, wind-swept crag
there stands a tree;

Knotted, shaggy and knarled,
short-limbed, but swinging free;

Bearing its many scars,
that he who views may see

Its hoary age and ruggedness,
then thankful be

To have exampled thus,
before his seeing eye

That trees, and men,
of buffeting, need never die.

UNDISCOVERED FORCES

In days of Pharoah, of Paul and of Watt,
Forces were round them of which they knew
naught,
Of pressure and piston, prism and power,
Used by the multitude this present hour;

May we not wonder what forces there be
Still undiscovered, by you and by me.

INERT

An acorn sitting on a shelf
Can never truly be itself,
But when it nestles in the earth,
Is watered, warmed and given birth,
Becomes a shoot and then a tree,
A beauteous thing for all to see;
Then man, when resting 'neath its shade,
Declares what wonders God hath made.

The ore lies dormant in the ground,
Until by man it's sought and found,
He smelts and hammers into shapes
For bridges, stairs and fire-escapes;
For useful things, which people view
And wonder why they never knew
That value, in such great degree
Lay just where he who looked might see.

Now, man may also lie inert
As useless as a clod of dirt,
But, when he's prodded by desire
Or forced by want — the hidden fire
Within his breast becomes a flame
And he grows worthy of the name
Of pioneer, and then perchance
He overcomes his circumstance.

THE PURISTS

I know a man who takes delight
In drinking pure spring water;
He looks askance and has a fright,
Whene'r his son and daughter,
Their thirst to slake, perchance may take
A common cup to drink from,
He tries their interest to awake
In microbes they should shrink from;
When drinking water is involved,
He is a keen abjurist,
And all his friends are quite resolved
That this man is a purist.

I know a man who often walks
Alone along our highways,
He stops to rest and always talks
With country folk on byways
About the lurid man-made signs
Which so despoil the scenery;
He soon our sympathy aligns
Invoking law's machinery;
When nature scenes pass in review,
Of native or of tourist,
All know that for an unspoiled view,
This man is classed a purist.

I know a man whose scent is keen,
He lives beyond the car stops;
Whene'r he comes to town, his spleen
Is vented on the workshops
Which belch their smoke and almost choke
The folk within their ranges;
He even tries law to invoke
To bring about some changes;
So, when the air has smell or taint,
It does not need a jurist
To judge from this man's loud complaint,
That he is deemed a purist.

Quite strange to say, the other day,
These three men took a journey,
But stranger yet, the three men met,
And joined me in a tourney;
We played at chess, at draughts and cards,
Then had a talking session,
We talked in turn of kings and bards,
But all three had obsession;
One talked pure air, another stressed
The beauties of pure vision,
The third, on water, pure, digressed,
Resulting in division.

Then, as the time wore on, all three
Revealed a common liking
For stories, sketched most luridly,
Indecencies most striking.

As I withdrew, I pondered much
On why three bold crusaders
For purity of air, and such,
Could be themselves invaders
Of sanctity within the mind,
By spreading such pollution,
And, though I've tried my best to find,
I still lack a solution.

How fine 'twould be, how passing fair,
Could we these three men teach
To plead pure water, view and air,
And also plead clean speech.

MIDDLE GROUND

Within some strict seclusion I might dwell,
Surrounded by the books I love so well,
Thus curtain out the mundane things of every
day,
And let a studious spirit hold full sway,
To lead me to a rarer plane of thinking
And find myself from human contacts shrinking;

Or else I might allow my heart to lead
Along the paths of human daily need,
And find my days divided 'twixt the blessed task
Of helping frailer folk, who do not ask,
But will accept the proffered helping hand;
While other days are gone, like drifting sand,
In sorting out the folk, who ask but do not need
And I am burdened by their lust and greed.
The needful tasks, these homely things absorb my
hours,
Till not a moment's left to seek secluded bowers.

So, thus I choose to take the middle ground,
To daily try to make the common round
Amongst my poorer, frailer, needy brothers,
And, now and then, to shut myself away,
To meditate, commune with God and pray,
Thus better fit myself for helping others.

FUTURE CITIES

The country road is dusty
While most city streets look clean,
But the city air is musty,
And the country air is keen;

The country boy is lusty,
While the city lad is lean;

When we build our future cities,
In a way as yet unseen,
It will be a million pities
If we fill them not with green.

DOWERS

A man may dower his son with physique,
With a measure of health and a brain quite
unique;
The father got wealth by the use of his gifts,
He received many kicks but very few lifts;
So he'd compass his son with protection and
care,
In the hope that the boy would escape every
snare.

The father has love but he's not very wise,
Else plain common sense would soon him apprise
That a bump, now and then,
To the average of men
More often will boost than depress them.

AT EVENING—REST

At dusk, the wearied tern
Will seek it's nest,
For food no longer yearn,
Content to rest.

So, when the evening comes,
May folk, who spent
Long years in building homes,
Then rest content.

DANGER—from within

Great misconception is caused by the thought
That by outside forces our mishaps are wrought,
But stopping to reason the workings of sin,
We'll find our disasters all come from within.

THE DOOR OF HOPE

This door, it gently stands ajar,
And warmly welcomes in
The wearied traveller from afar,
O'erburdened with his sin;

It has no eye with which to see,
Nor hath it tongue to tell
The soul bowed down so guiltily
That destiny is hell;

But, rather does it seem to point
To tired feet a way,
Where times are never out of joint,
And night turns into day.

TEMPER

Temper, to the steel lends edge,
To a man it serves to pledge
That he will be true and bold,
Only when it's well controlled.

THE DEPENDENT

The man who feels unneedful
 of his fellows round about
Has either got a swelled head,
 sour stomach or the gout,
His point of view is twisted
 and his vision far from keen,
For he owes most every man he sees
 and thousands more unseen.

Whence comes the wheat that makes his bread;
 who grinds it into flour?
Who built his covering overhead;
 not men so dwarfed and sour
As himself; else this would be
 a sorry place to live,
For then all men would strive to get
 when rather they should give.

He will find the time soon coming
 when the fires of life are drawn,
And the gold and dross, each in its place
 is put by men of brawn;
Then he'll suddenly awaken
 to the fact that life is sweet
Only when its fixed conditions
 every man's prepared to meet.

He will find it his experience
 when his attitude is known
To be helpful to his neighbors,
 then their gratitude is shown
By an honest disposition
 to make his concerns their own;
Showing how from allied interests
 something beautiful has grown.

NEIGHBORS

New Zealanders are friendly folk,
When friendliness can mean
The easing of a neighbor's yoke,
And helping him, unseen.

The goldness in the southern sun,
When rising o'er their hills,
Has taught them that mankind is one,
And banishes their ills.

Where else has white man ever trod
On land already held
By humans with a different god,
And decently upheld
The right of yellow man or black
To hold his own conceits;
Not forcing native races back
To hostile, deep retreats ?

Pakeha in the early days
Was so engrossed conserving
To Maori folk their native ways,
And all their rights preserving,

He took no time to contemplate
His personal equation,
But, working for the common state,
Evolved this healthy nation.

So, now, the native Maori race,
In present days outnumbered,
Enjoy an equal ranking place,
Their heritage unplundered.

Thus, having built on friendliness
A most secure foundation;
It follows that no storm or stress
Can now divide the nation.

L'ENVOI

He builds well, who of himself
Gives without stint or measure;
Engrossed with things outside of self,
And thinking but of pleasure
Of other folk, who all around,
Much need the help he gives,
He thus erects on sacred ground
A thing that breathes and lives.

COOKIE SEED

A little boy in England
Took a cookie from a jar,
The cookie had some seeds therein
That came from lands afar;

And, as he munched, he wondered
If in his own back yard
He might some day grow cookie seed,
If he should try real hard.

Next day he took a cookie
And a shovel and a hoe,
And went out in the garden
To the very farthest row;

And, there he started digging,
Till he soon was lost to sight,
And at the bottom of the hole
'Twas just as dark as night.

So, there he placed the cookie
At the bottom of the pit,
And gently, very gently,
With the earth he covered it.

He watered it most every day,
For he had hopes, you see,
That from that little cookie
There might some day grow a tree.

We asked him why he dug so deep,
For usually you know
A seed that's planted deeply
Seldom has a chance to grow.

He said, "These seeds are Chinese,
And I know the earth is round,
So China is beneath us,
Underneath this very ground;

Thus, the deeper I dig down, you see,
There's no disputing that,
The nearer I will place the seeds
To their real habitat".

ROBIN

I saw a big fat robin, a running on the ground,
And when he put his head down, he must have
heard a sound;
He quickly started digging, and then began to
squirm,
Now, what do you think happened, why, he had
found a worm.
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle, wiggle, wiggle, wiggle,
wiggle, worm.

NEEDLESS FEARS

The other day, going down the street,
A little lad I chanced to meet
Whose little legs were thin and lean,
And skinnier legs I'd never seen.

He seemed at first quite blithe and gay,
Until a strange dog came his way,
And, as dogs do, began to sniff,
Which scared the laddie almost stiff.

He shrank and walked close by my side,
For I was bigger, and with pride,
I said, "my son, you need not fear,
Although the doggie comes so near;

He means no harm, in fact he likes
To chum with boys, and go on hikes,
And anyway your skinny legs
Remind him much of two clothes pegs.

Besides, all doggies like to eat
A fair amount of real tough meat,
So there's no need to take affright,
When there's not enough meat
on your legs
for a bite".

IN THE WOODS

Jackie, little Jackie, in the woods
 he likes to walk,
And to learn from mother birdies
 how the baby birdies talk;
He is sure they have a language
 just as certain as his own,
So he wants to hear the baby birds
 before they're fully grown;

For, he's heard the older people say
 an old owl's very wise,
And even your quick actions
 never take him by surprise;
Then, older boys have spoken
 of the cunning of the hawk
And they told him that the eagle's voice
 is nothing but a squawk;

But even though he's younger,
 Jackie seems to know quite well
That a baby bird when hungry
 has a way in which to tell
His mamma or his papa
 that he needs some baby food,
And he'll get it just as certain
 as a human baby would,
Without wise words or cunning,
 which pass o'er a baby's head;
And the adult squawks and hooting
 none but older persons dread.

A FISH'S WISH

If I were a little fish
I probably would wish
To swim within a sea of liquid candy,
So, when I hungry felt,
I need not hitch my belt,
But open up my mouth and I'd feel dandy.

BABY HERRING

There was a baby herring
Who lived down in the sea,
And he was daily swimming,
As happy as could be;
 But one day he was curious
 To see a fisherman,
 He saw a hook and nibbled
 And now he's in a can.

AT A PICNIC

How nice 'twould be, for you and me
To sit and swing, so lazily,
Till skeeters come and start to h-u-m;
Perchance we'd dance quite crazily.

JERRY

Now, Jerry was a real bad boy
and teased his bigger sister,
He threw a rock at her one day
but fortunately missed her;
But she, in turn, was very kind
and gave him cake and candy,
And we observed she gave him most
when rocks and sticks were handy.

In early years the boy became
a fine judge of the weather,
And how to tell the strength of breeze
he did not need a feather;
He seemed to know instinctively
just who and when to pester,
And when he met a real rough-neck,
then Jerry was a jester.

When Jerry grew to man's estate,
we did not greatly wonder
That he avoided every trade
at which he'd likely blunder;
Now, you can see him any day
dressed in the finest raiment,
Oft shaking hands and kissing babes
and going to Parliament.

PRACTICAL PIETY

There comes a chap to our Church
Who must be very pious,
For, when we put our hand out,
He rushes right straight by us;

Of course, we should explain that
Our hand, when thus extended
It holds a big collection plate
For cash to be expended.

Some folk they are so worldly
They say his manner's airy,
Because he has no interest in
The things pecuniary.

GAINS

One man thought that to get was to gain,
Another man learned how to give;
The first, at the end, found all was vain,
The other had taught how to live.

SINGING

Songs of frivolity, sung by a saint,
Dull as an old house long without paint.

LAMENT

(to Miss M. J. Y. on being appointed a censor)

The war has left trails of
distress and destruction,
And memory clings to the horrors and ruction,
But topping all horrors
and kill-joy dispensers,
Was that prize creation, the newspaper censors.

Thus, with consternation,
I learn that the session,
For reasons unfathomed, have gained
the obsession
That I am a person deserving of honour,
So the task of a censor,
they thrust it upon her.

Now, what must I do,
when I know that these writers
Are quite antithesis of rotters or blighters,
And though their opinions
may gain our disproval;
We simply can't ask for their instant removal.

So, thus between fires am I harrassed
and puzzled,
Devising a method whereby they be muzzled,
For I am determined,
though my task be inglorious;
I'll act as a censor without being censorious.

LOON-LIGHT

(In Palestine or elsewhere)

When you ride on a donkey by moonlight,
'neath a sky that is deep azure blue;
Far away are the thoughts of the noon light;
Ain't it strange what the moonbeams can do ?

Your thoughts hie way back to your childhood,
When all fairy stories were true,
And fairest flowers grew in the wildwood;
Ain't it strange what the moonlight can do ?

In fancy you gambol and frolic,
Though your true age be past forty-two;
You forget that green apples mean colic,
For it's strange what the moonbeams can do.

You're inclined to be over-romantic,
And to do things you'd afterwards rue,
And drive poor old grandmother frantic,
By forgetting what moonlight can do;

And some folk might even be tempted
To wish a small donkey held two,
But the maid of this skit is exempted,
For *she* knows what the moonbeams can do.

NOT VERY WISE

There lives a man in our town
Who isn't very wise;
He's married to a poor cook
And will not eat her pies.

Now, if he were a wise man,
As wise as you, or me;
He'd not been married long
Ere he'd begun to see

That, when it comes to cooking,
There is no sense in looking
With appraising eye
At either cake or pie;

But his concern should be to learn
The name of she who bakes it,
And when wife's the cook,
How pleased he'll look,
No matter how he fakes it.

Note: Above intended to be sung (improvised)
to tune "Long, Long Ago."

GRAND MANAN (New Brunswick)

Note:

For Winter nights at Grand Manan;

Tune: from "Patience"

"When I go out of Door."

*On the Island of Grand Manan,
They never feed fish to a man,
Until they have hooked it
And thoroughly cooked it,
*On Island of Grand Manan.

*Repeat first and last lines in each verse as above, using following for three intermediate lines.

They seldom fry fish in a pan,
But often they take it
And thoroughly bake it,

They never put fish in a can,
They catch it and choke it
And thoroughly smoke it,

They catch fish when they can,
And then in the Winter,
They whittle a splinter,

They fish from March till Jan.
And when they're not busy,
They drive a tin lizzie,

They do not need a fan
For, breezes are blowing
Or else it is snowing

The children's legs are tan,
It may seem quite shocking
To wear nary a stocking

I saw a very thin man,
If he went without dinner,
He couldn't grow thinner,

One day on the rocks I ran,
Till I wilted my collar
And lost a gold dollar

Out over the sea I scan,
And had I come sooner,
I'd seen a white schooner

I met a careless man,
After dressing his fishes,
He doesn't wash dishes

They never ship goods in a van
For, they'd very much sooner
Load goods in a schooner

There lived a hen-pecked man,
When his wife started kicking,
He went out dulce picking

GROUP SONGS

It is suggested that group be divided into two (right hand and left hand) each side singing alone as indicated below—and everybody singing in chorus, where stated;

Full verse is:

Pumpkin Pie, Pumpkin pie, (everybody)
I like mine with lots of spice (left hand)
I like mine right off the ice (right hand)
Pumpkin Pie, Pumpkin Pie, (everybody)
Spice it (left hand—snappy)
Ice it (right hand—snappier)
P*U*M*P*K*I*N PIE (everybody raise the roof)

Following verses, as above, using these phrases to fill in:

Bread and Cheese
Put the bread between the cheese;
Make it any way you please;
Roast it; Toast it;

Lemonade
Strain the seeds all out of mine;
Drain the water out of mine;
Strain it; Drain it;

Hot Mince Pie
I like mine with lots of crust;
I could eat until I bust;
Crusted; Busted;

Bread and Jam
I like mine spread good and thick;
I like mine served extra quick;
Thickly; Quickly;

Bread and Milk
Don't forget a little cream;
Softens mine with lots of steam;
Cream it; Steam it;

GROUP SONGS

Tune: "Carry Me Back To Old Virginny"

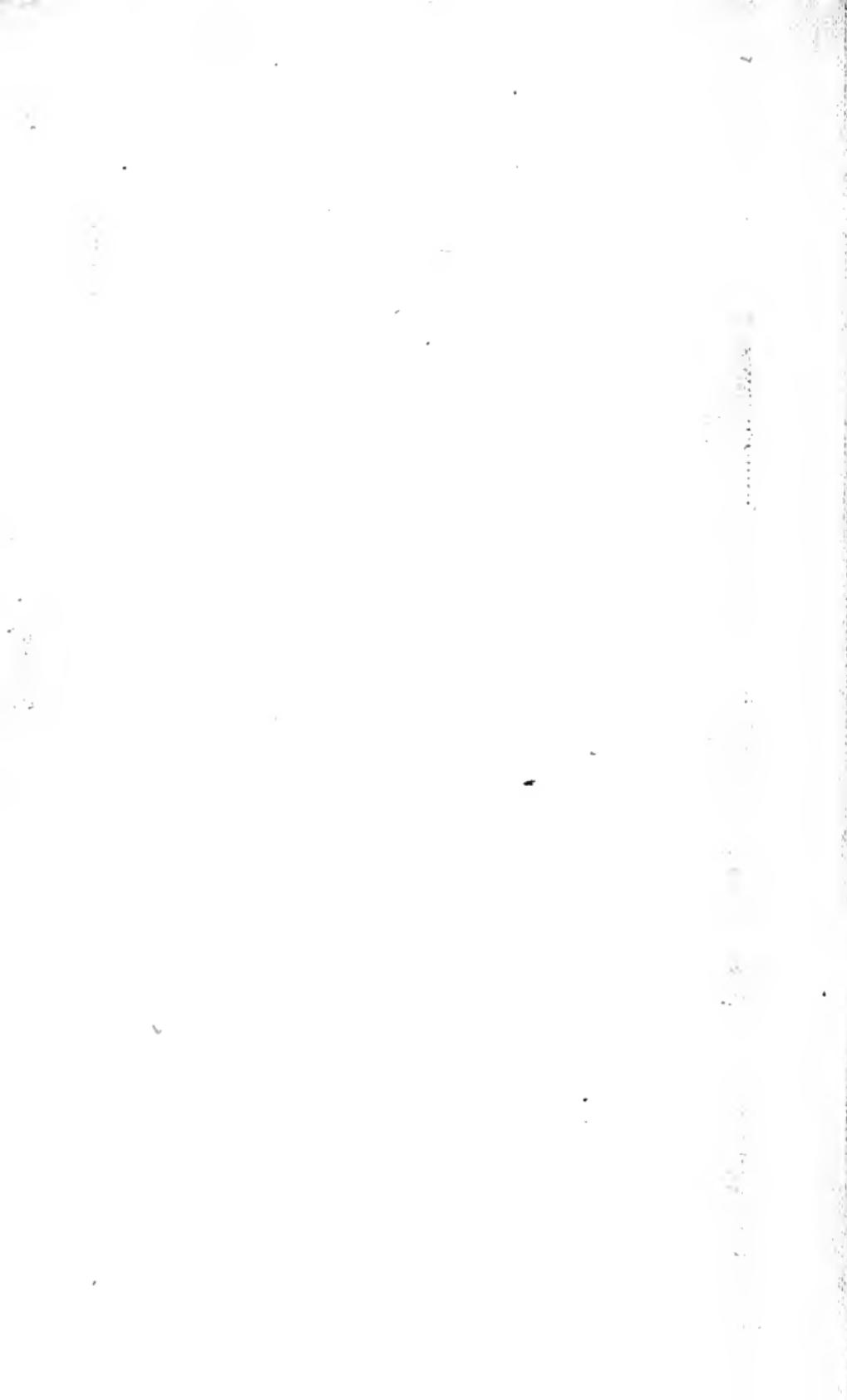
Happy are we around this table,
Singing with all our hearts
A greeting to our friends;
We want to treat them as best we are able,
Bringing to every one the joy that never ends.

Why should we grumble if cook has no turkey,
Ham is a substitute that no one can despise;
Have we not pickles and jelly that's jerky;
We'll fill full of cake and ice cream
Right up to our eyes.

Why should we worry though ole man depression
Thrusts his gaunt face
Through the fabric of our fears;
May we, as children, let joy find expression,
And never more attempt to live beyond our
years.

Why not be happy as our God intended,
Why not each blessed day
Accomplish some kind deed;
Why not seek out and with welcome hand
extended.
Help poorer boys and girls and be a friend in need.





PS Kingsley, Roland
8521 Rhymes of brevity for
I65R5 times of levity

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE

or times

